THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.

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SIDNEY DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1724.

Original Poetry.

A BUTTERFLY ON THE WATER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY DAVID BATES.

Gently, that's wondered the array
From lily sweets and perennial flowers
Whose joyous them doth'st flit and play
Among the fields o'erwrote with flowers.

And, tempting to thy pretty wing,
Meet left the safe and smiling land.
To seek new pleasures—giddy thing—
Upon a far and unknown strand.

Were there not sweets enough to try,
On fleeting moral and blooming vine?
Perchance a viral sheet more fair
With fairer pleasure still than thine!

Or, spurning thy presented lot,
Life was a burden on such terms,
And, being born to fly and shine,
Then would'st not crawl on vulgar worms.

And now thy gay but weary pinions,
Can neither sustain thy venturous flight;
There canst not reach the distant blossom
That did thy curious eye invite.

Still newer falls thy faltering speed,
And does not far from friendly shore;
The fish has marked thee for his prey
No angle—and thy gay life is o'er!

And then, I thought, it is an life
In human and gay will tension on
Is become more, or, all hope is gone.

Regret and grief all are vain.
They cannot, if they would, restore
That simple to innocence again,
The grave the second scene efface.

Original Novelet.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER;

OR,

THE FATAL VOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "VIVIENNE AND MADELAINE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

THE ATTACK.

All that the timid world shrink from of extremes,
All that the body portentous of bad,
All that we read, or hear, or think of monstrous,
All that the dreary world do of most sad.
All is to-day, and all is to-morrow,
As that—mere mortals with their power above
Who have—to heretofore and a-more-to-borrow.
Byron.

Violent knocking and shaking of the entire door and the sound of voices—

"Open! open! open! in the name of God's sake, let us in!"

"There are fugitives—not foes—listen—they plead—they do not threaten—go and unbar the door, Gilroy," said Edith.

Relieved by the cautiously the old man obeyed.

Light as another candle, Jenny—that is dying in its socket—it will be out in a minute."

Trembling all over, Jenny cowered to do as she was bid, but only succeeded in patting out the expiring light. The sound of the unbarring of the door had ceased, and only the last mean, heart of self-control. Edith struck a light, while the sound of hoarse-ing and voices in the hall, and the sound of footsteps and voices in the room, told that the fugitives had been admitted.

"It's Nell and Liddy and Sot from Hay Hill! Oh, Miss Edy! Thorg and his men are up due Bayside everything! Oh, Miss Edy! ain't we in a scape! what is to be done? we may be all killed, what a 'scape! what is to be done?" Oh, Miss Edy!

"What! do I hear you right? Hay Hill attacked! Thorg Thorg—outlaws—Edith—the light that now burning, and she looked coldly at the intruders. "Thorg! Thorg of Hay Hill! Impossible—"

"Yes, Miss Edith, yes; Thorg cutting and slashing and slashing and burning, in his heart's fury!"

"Thorg at Hay Hill! Good God! Gilroy! Jenny! and the family! and Fannie! Merciful God! Fannie!"

Then these ugitives began at once in a wild hurried manner to tell their story.

Hill Nell, with a wierd, commanding gesture, cried the speech of the others, and came forward herself to tell the tale.

It was a wild, unearthly figure, as she stood in the red glare of the candle, where all around was in the deepest darkness, and nothing by tapping noise, or sound of voices, to distract the eye or ear.

Her hair, red, long, gown and short and thick, exposed the long, shining arms and the thin wizened face was fearfully emaciated and sharpened by the wild, starry eyes that glared and the nose, with its wide, nostrils bold, which she twisted from side to side in her excitement. Her shrugs and angular gestures, her quick, hurried and excited voice in the most frightful looking old hag you ever saw.

Thorg's starts and flaws," and shaving his wild arm, and setting off in many arms, and with wild contusion of ideas—was this:

Gilroy had been awakened in the morning by the family of Colonel Fairfax, of Hay Hill, were assembled in the parlor for tea, and were waiting for the return of Mr. Lorton, the associate, from Charlotte Hall, to which place he had gone on a large party of fox-hunting. Thorg, rode into the yard, dismounted and entered the house, which they had left unbarred and unlocked, and with the whole household, where resistance was useless, they were overpowered and bound, except the negroes had fled, leaving the hands of the drunken and desperate ruffians.

Thorg said was supposed to be on the highroad towards Washington City. It was their profession that they had secured Colonel Fairfax's person to hold him for ransom.

It is impossible to describe the effect of this story upon Edith. Horror, wonder, despair, seemed to overthrow and possess her mind.

"Go," she said, shortcutedly, mechanically. "Go, Jenny, take them your creatures into the kitchen, and do what you can for them. I must consider what is best for us all."

Jenny and Gilroy spoke to the half-crazed fugitives, and drew them away from the young lady's chamber.

And, left alone, Edith tried to collect her thoughts—to understand what had occurred, and to prepare for what might be to come.

What had occurred?

Hay Hill, thwarts as safe in its obscurity and unimportance. Hay Hill, the chosen place of refuge for herself. Hay Hill, attacked, sacked and burned to the ground! The gray-haired Colonel Fairfax, and the gallant Harry Lorton, who had devoted so scarce in their wisdom and valor—both massacred! The beautiful bride, Fannie, whose exceeding great happiness was lately the object of so much speculation, wonder, and almost envy to Edith—left to a fate too horrible to contemplate! Ah, Fannie! she had been the spoil and mock sport in all the little gatherings of young people at her father's hospitable home—often prophesying from the palmistry she practised without bothering—she had, with much solemnity, predicted her own fate—but—her short—not death sharp and sudden. And now, now!

It was strange how Edith remembered this prediction—attached to it—dependant on it—was a prophecy that concerned herself. But she could not think of self now. Her whole mind was absorbed with the thought of Fannie.

It was necessary, however, to arouse herself, to hasten action and to prepare for what might happen.

And what was likely to happen?

Why, that one the day was over the marauders would visit Lostcreagh.

And how should she meet them? The deep, tragic events occurring around her had exalted Edith's mind above the thought of self, or the fear of death—there was but one thing she feared above all others, to save Fannie's fate, to fall into the hands of the licentious soldiery. And this she resolved to herself by providing herself with the means of instant death, to be used if the occasion demanded it.

This resolution once determined upon, Edith's mind grew calm.

She arose and opened the shutters to look out upon the night.

It was no longer night but morning. Day had dawned over all others, in short Fannie's fate, in

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00	Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00	"
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00	"
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00	"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be ORIGINAL SKETCHES by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR THE FATAL VOW, by Mrs. Southworth—LETTERS FROM DEMERARA by Mrs. Denison—LETTERS FROM EUROPE by "C. G.," &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ENIGMAS, &c.—Our stock of enigmas is very large, and their writers must have patience. The best, as a general rule, will be published. A correspondent says that one by "C. S." published recently, was full of errors. We are pleased that our recent application for charades, riddles, conundrums, &c., has been, and continues to be, so liberally answered. It requires more talent to compose these than the common geographical enigmas, and they are therefore more creditable—when well done—to the writers.

THE GREYTOWN AFFAIR.

The official documents relative to this affair have been published—but we are not able to perceive that they throw a very different light upon the transaction. The orders of Captain Hollins without being definite, evidently authorized him if he thought necessary to take life as well as destroy property—inasmuch as the Secretary of War, in his letter of instructions, "*hoped*" that he "could effect the purposes of his visit without resort to violence and destruction of property and loss of life."

It is charged in certain quarters, that Greytown was little better than a nest of pirates; but as not the slightest proof is given in support of this assertion, and as the town was the offspring of American enterprise, we see no reason at present for believing that such was the case.

As to the outrage upon Mr. Borland—an outrage not very unnatural under the circumstances—it appears that the Mayor apologized at the time, and the City Attorney renewed the apology in writing the next morning. The indemnity of $24,000 demanded was apportioned as follows: sixteen thousand for a small boat load of flour and meal; and eight thousand for two wooden buildings, worth some $250 removed by the Greytown authorities, in due course of law. The representations and claims for damages of the Transit Company, seem to have been implicitly relied upon and adopted by the Administration, without any examination into their accuracy or justice.

But even taking the statements of the Transit [illegible]

AMUSING STATISTICS.

The Washington correspondent of the Pennsylvanian of this city, furnishes the following "reliable statistics" in relation to the speech-making during the first session of the 33rd Congress:

There are 234 members and 5 delegates in the House. The session will have consumed at its adjournment, about 240 days; which, on a fair division, would give one day to each member; but, unfortunately for the cause of justice and honest dealing, while some members have not had an opportunity, or have not embraced it, to open their lips, others have spoken for hours, days and weeks. Not to deal in generalities let me foot up the account.

Virginia—the mother of States as well as the mother of a remarkable number of "first families"—has occupied at least one-fourth of all the time consumed in debate. The names of Bayly, Bocock, Faulkner, Letcher, Millson, McMullen, and "Extra Billy" Smith, are spread over nearly every page of the journal. So that the Old Dominion, with her thirteen members—just one eighteenth of the whole House—has monopolized sixty days of the session. Next highest on the list is Alabama, with her Cobb, Dowdell, Houston, Phillips and Smith. The seven Alabama members have had more of the time of the House than was taken by the entire New York and Pennsylvania delegations, with their fifty-eight members. Ohio comes next. Campbell, Disney, Edgerton, Giddings, Olds, Taylor and Wade, have been on the floor every day. Kentucky with her Breckenridge, Preston and Stanton—Tennessee with her Churchwell, Cullom, Etheridge, Ready, Jones and Stanton—South Carolina with her Orr, Boyce and Keitt—and Missouri with her Benton, Caruthers, Oliver and Phillips, have had their full, if not a little more than their full allowance of time. At the commencement of the session, when the Hard and Soft Shell fight broke out, the New York delegation gave indications of an intention to help themselves to more of the time of the House than they were fairly entitled to; but Cutting and his talking colleagues, not only soon gave out, but they soon walked out, for they have seldom been seen in their seats since the first explosion. Haven, it is true, has occasionally spoken, while Gerrit Smith has delivered him- [illegible]

COMING DOWN.

The indications of a general fall in the prices of meats, breadstuffs, vegetables, &c., are quite gratifying to city people, however they may be to farmers. The expense of living nowadays in the Eastern cities is enormous. We sometimes think that a housekeeper cannot keep his family any better now on $2,000 a year, than he formerly could on from $1,000 to $1,200. Citizens have to pay the hard money for everything—and everything seems to be from fifty to one hundred per cent. higher than it used to or ought to be. While if a man wants to build, or improve his property in any way, he is absolutely astounded by the prices asked for doing it.

In this state of affairs, our country friends will not wonder that the great mass of citizens hear with some satisfaction, that the harvests promise an unusual yield in Great Britain, in France, in the Baltic districts, in Egypt—and, in fact, everywhere. Citizens are willing to pay a fair price for flour—say six dollars even a barrel—but to have to pay ten and eleven, why, to use a Scriptural expression, it somewhat "frets their gizzards." They also feel inclined to grumble at their prodigious bills for coal—and hope very naturally that the present increase in the quantity brought down of some 20 per cent. more than during the corresponding period of last year—combined with general economy in its use—will also gradually reduce the cost of that very necessary article. With money exceedingly scarce, and ranging at the unlawful prices of from one to three per cent. a month, citizens feel very impatient at the present high price of the "black diamond."

As one consequence of the scarcity of money, and the diminished travel of the present summer, the hotel keepers of New York have begun to reduce their prices of board. Now is the time to travel—to find hotel clerks civil and obliging, good rooms, and enough to eat on the table, without bribing the waiters. Last [illegible]

CHEAP PAPER.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

FOREIGN NEWS.

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

New Publications.

[illegible]

BRUTAL MURDER.

[illegible]

GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY

[illegible]

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 31st, Mr. Seward reported a bill granting a pension to Betsy Nash, the widow of Dr. Nash, of Madison County, New York. He said that she was an old and infirm lady, and would not probably be living at the next session. He moved that the bill be now considered. Agreed to, and the bill was read.

Mr. Adams moved to amend the bill by adding thereto a section directing the Secretary of the Treasury to pay to the widow of James Batchelder, lately killed while aiding the U. S. Marshal to execute the laws in Boston.

Mr. Foot called for the reading of the report on Betsy Nash's case. Read.

Mr. Sumner called for the reading of reports in Batchelder's case. Read.

Mr. Seward then made an able speech on the subject, but the amendment prevailed, and the Batchelder pension section was added to the other, after which the bill, as amended was passed—yeas 37, nays 12.

Mr. Sumner said that some time ago he had given notice that he would introduce a bill for the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Act. He now proposed to do so. He was proceeding to speak when Mr. Gwin objected to the reception of the bill. After much debate notwithstanding the decision of the Chair that the motion to grant leave was not debatable, an appeal was taken on motion of Mr. Bright, and the appeal was laid on the table, yeas 36, nays 9. After this, the vote on granting leave to introduce the bill ...

[illegible]

... and was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The House went into Committee on the General Appropriation Bill, as returned from the Senate, with numerous amendments.

A clause for the erection of public buildings in Kansas and Nebraska, being under consideration, Mr. Giddings moved to strike out certain words leaving the sentence to read, "that the act for the organization of those Territories be repealed."

Mr. Giddings—In my opinion, the law ought to be repealed. That's in order, and comes near to the point. I think nearly every member concurs with me in this opinion. I believe there are but very few members who do not, from the inmost recesses of their hearts, desire the repeal of the law. It has left your President in a meagre minority in this hall, and created excitement here and throughout the land North and South. Have we not seen enough to strike it from the statute book? This proposition is so just and conclusive, I trust every man here will vote with me for the repeal of the law. It is right we should repeal it—in short order, and do it at once and like men—not by piecemeal, but at a single blow. If we don't do it now, the people will when another Congress assembles. It will prove the political grave to more men in this body than any cholera. [Laughter.]

Mr. McMullen—I understood the gentleman to say he doubted whether there is any member on this floor who is not at heart for the repeal of this bill. Does the member believe what he said?

Mr. Giddings, (in his seat.)—Can you doubt it?

Mr. McMullen—No one knows better than the gentleman that this is not so. I was not here when the measure was passed. I had paired off with a member from Ohio who was opposed to it. If I had been here, no act of my life would have afforded me more pleasure than to vote for that bill. Let the gentleman go home and sing the same song against the generous South.

Mr. Washburne, of Maine, (in his seat addressed Mr. Giddings)—Are you going to sing a song?

Mr. Giddings—Not now. (Ha! ha!)

Mr. Mullen, continuing, (not hearing the colloquy between Mr. Giddings and Mr. Washburne)—I for one would never have voted for the Missouri Compromise. No member on this floor but an Abolitionist or a Free Soiler would vote for the repeal of the bill. If there is a Democrat here who believes the people are capable of self-government and is opposed to this bill, I should look at him as a sort of sign board.

Mr. Giddings's amendment was then rejected—ayes 50, noes 75. After acting on other amendments the Committee rose.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 5.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

ALMANAC.

August, 1854.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases.
12 Saturday,	5 8	6 52	5 20	
13 Sunday,	5 9	6 51	6 16	
14 Monday,	5 10	6 50	7 3	D. H. M.
15 Tuesday,	5 12	6 48	7 46	First 1 5 20
16 Wednesday,	5 13	6 47	8 34	Full 8 8 11
17 Thursday,	5 14	6 46	9 22	Last 15 8 43
18 Friday,	5 15	6 45	10 12	New 23 12 50
19 Saturday,	5 17	6 43	11 2	First 31 1 6

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Samuel D. Danfield, to Miss Sarah Mullen, both of this city.

On the 3d inst. by Friends' Ceremony, in the presence of Mayor Conrad, William P. Swayne, to Georgie A. Cram, both of Philadelphia.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D., William N. Battung, to Lizzie Naves, of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. S. M. Gayley, Mr. ...

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Twenty-five cents a line for the first insertion.
Twenty cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Double column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

Circulation between Eighty and Ninety Thousand.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

LOWELL MASON'S NEW WORK.

THE HALLELUJAH,

A NEW COLLECTION of Church Music by Lowell Mason, will be published September 1st. It will probably be the most extensive collection of Church Music ever issued in this country, containing nearly double the amount of matter in previous works by the same author. Of Mr. Mason as an author it is unnecessary to enlarge. His works have always enjoyed unparalleled popularity. In the preparation of the present work he has enjoyed advantages very much greater than in that of any previous work. His best efforts have been given to its preparation for several years, during a part of which he resided in Europe for the purpose of collecting material and obtaining original compositions for its pages. Since his return to America compositions have poured in upon him, not only from all quarters of our own country, but also from abroad, so that he found himself with sufficient material, of this description alone, to make several works even of the large size of the Hallelujah. In general characteristics this work is designed more nearly to resemble the Carmina Sacra than any other of Mr. Mason's works; in other words, it will be not only intrinsically good, but also practicable and suited to the actual wants of Choirs, Singing Schools, Societies, &c. In order especially to meet the wants of Singing Schools, the Elements are unusually full, and embrace a large amount of secular music for practice. There are three hundred and forty Exercises, ...

[illegible]

HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

[illegible]

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE OF MEDICINE.

[illegible]

A. B. REICHENBACH, MANUFACTURER OF PIANO FORTES,

[illegible]

MRS. H. B. STOWE'S NEW WORK. SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS.

[illegible]

PAPER HANGINGS. HOWELL & BROTHERS,

[illegible]

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

[illegible]

HOE & CO'S PATENT GROUND SAWS.

[illegible]

S. M. HOPPER, GOLD LEVER WATCHES.

[illegible]

WESTERN MILITARY INSTITUTE.

[illegible]

ABBOTT & LAWRENCE. LIBERTY STOVE WORKS.

[illegible]

GALLAGHER & HALLOWAY,

[illegible]

MOORE, HENSZEY & CO. HARDWARE JOBBERS,

[illegible]

BOOK AGENTS!

[illegible]

ROOT'S FREE GALLERY.

[illegible]

CABINET WAREHOUSE. GEORGE J. HENKELS,

[illegible]

DR. MORSE'S INVIGORATING CORDIAL.

[illegible]

MEDICATED INHALATION.

[illegible]

LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY,

[illegible]

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS

[illegible]

FITS! FITS! FITS! THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS, CURING EPILEPSY, OR FALLING FITS.

[illegible]

NERVOUS AND CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

PAUVRE PETITE CATARINA.

THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

BY ROBERT BESTWOOD.

In those days, when never abroad
With the sunshine of the south,
Sailing through the golden clouds,
Gathering wealth for cooler moods,

As the night floats o'erwhelmingly
Upon the weary, weary land,
In the vague, undefined hours
Thoughts are deep and they long.

Do I need a what encountered,
Asking, answered every question,
All a hungered for sympathy
For the tearful story and care.

Days there were thy baby-beauty
Knew no other grief than this,
When they looked, then—Love only
Kissed by kisses dry lips.

But was nothing, sweet, within
Sober of that beauty now,
Left memories of where fearfully
Outlawed o'er her cheek and brow.

Reach in thy beauty amazing
O'er a heart, heaving wary,
Voices of some lordly realm
Do you grieve for absent—?

Light and blame and pictured splendor
Forms of bright and noble mien
Haunting o'er the shining meadow
Gilding in the jasmine shade?—

Golden fantasy of the orange,
Child dominion—luscious bloom
Of the summer-cloth pomegranate—
Rose-crimsoned cypress gloom?

Quivering flash of gorgeous plumage—
Wave of flags whose banners rich—
Silvery gleams of palaces—
Melting radiance in the sun?—

Neglect not thy heart under figure,
Perform it in gentle grace?
For one instant, shines before thee
Glimpse, the southern star?

Is the father-land upon thee?
Dost fe recit thee on his breast,
Sometimes in the twilight region?
Hushing every sigh to rest?

Hee—thy native and hopeless sadness,
Tears up from thy patient eyes,
Tales of blanks in memory's tablets,
Tale of lasting mysteries.

Dreams there're called from loving dears.
Scarcely remaining winces they come—
Four and the old home voices,
All forgot the baby-name.

In thy ways, poor wandering singer,
Then, perhaps, a love-gleam and song
At the home-door, while unconscious
Kindred lands have envious flung

Only crime for thy singing—
Yet some nocturnal wren perchance
May have watched thy half-sorrow,
And pressed her heart amid the dance.

* * * * *

Gone—the song accents of thine—
And again my glances fall
Only on a meagre picture,
Hung against my chamber wall—

Of a young Italian singer
Leaning on the orchestra—
Hearing all the purple twilight
With a sad, unchildlike mien.

"Pauvre Petite Catarina,"
Thus the programme printed on some—
But my heart dreams not her story,
And still ponders it o'er and o'er.

Often do I vainly question—
Have her tired feet ceased to roam?
Have her vocal cords been broken
Singing in her new found home?

Can she, on her mother's bosom,
Love's fullest birth-right claim?
Learns she, from beloved tones,
Glow again the baby-name?

Is her heart-chart quenched to knave?
Hath her little rich fount flow
Caught fire and event contentment
Yet a rarer, tenderer grace?

Then, unless sky quit, Beloved,
Forever our wandering world
Is not heart-chat time I love—
I can fear, for thy dear sake.

Philadelphia, 1854. —*London Illustrated News.*

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. H. A. DICKINSON.

NUMBER XIV.

Tropic Rain—Umbrellas—Bazaar—Children and American Schools.

It rains. Aye! don't it? Did you ever see the sky pack its bottled floods at this rate? A jug full at every drop. Does it comes, veiling the black trunks of the palm like a cloud, and closed closing to meet the blackness of night. Shut the doors, or we shall be inundated—here it rush like a legion of hell stones up to the windows, and dashes its spray in our faces. Well, this is a tropical rain, and I like it. I always have the rain; there is music in it. Here, it is full of bird notes. Hopping, fluttering, flying, and pleasing their wings, these happy, gorgeous, spell-like things light the watery thoughts of childhood, are coming and going quite minutely.

Now let the harp, the viol, the universal piano! Now for old-fashioned romances and the reading aloud! Now for the book that the dads down environs thoughts, steering them to the footing of the shelf, to the fire. Now for divided attention to the happy child-queen-tioner! Now for the "do just what you're a mind to" system of drowsy! Bless it!

It is what they call the short, rainy season of Demerara, and it is appropriately named, too; for down comes a dash of rain, enough to fill a river in fifteen minutes—then it drops mercurially, gradually decreasing its drops, and single-looking goblets of the cabbage trees—and a moment thereafter, out issues the sun, resuming its fire-stove-drop and all full force the grass, Orinoco leaves, lighting up all the sky with a cadmium glory. Now comes the—Whew-a-doo!—pleasure bis brown and blue feathers—flocks of gold lolighten the glistening foliage—the crow warns its every-day—caw, and the sky is one great sapphire, hung here and there with a cloud. Now comes the—but I need hue distant thunder, down pours the rain, pools form in the road, thick clouds of spray drop the top of the fence, and a great brown-snoopy, and you stand looking, listening, and enjoying.

Here in the piazza on the umbrella in all its different degrees of glory, honor, and decay. A stranger to possess this article must accept with grave dignity, an umbrella of orange-hued silk. A few steps behind, come a group of Creoles, huddled together under a cloth of gaudy red. Here comes a black female patter, holding with much difficulty a parched calico, two wooden spoons, like decapping dash, one—a—fabricated to the bone." Mark with what a gaunty she sticks it for show—and with what a long bad hat," in the genteel crown of which a small straw is gratefully gathering, under the auspices of the rain. Here comes a—but the next coming figure is that of a young girl, who put on her mother's bonnet, and, with a parasol over it, sits way, to keep in the gutter. Above her head she carried a six shade, or parasol, about large enough to cover one side of a chair, and of course exposed to the shower. The next is an umbrella, evidently a frame, with the remnant left of old silk, fastening like a signal of distress from the mast-head, and an old man bobbles along gaily, evidently in the best of humor with regard to his dripping shoulders, and sets serious looking about, as if to say, "Who cares for the rain? Don't you see I've got an umbrella?"

Yonder body, whose scanty slip says—a pseudo old patriot, father unto—the—Indies, holds over his substantial head an awning, roomy enough to shelter a whole family, if he so he—but that little father thinks a man ought on a bamboo cane. That's an article of home manufacture, and why should it be good on the best, if it answers all necessary purposes?

The ladies of Georgetown have just held a bazaar here in the hall of the Literary and Agrarian, which Institution, under thirsting requires, supply a large number of pupils.

The Demerarians have been but a few months getting up their hall, and most of the articles were sent from England—some from the adjacent islands. The usual display of costly and tasty articles of fancy work was there, and I thought it anticipated heavily with my exhibitions of the sort I have seen at home or abroad. The presents were neatly labeled, numbered to seven hundred; possible stuffing—large ones, when one considers the extensive scale of the affair and the arrangements, and the comparatively small number of people who could afford to pay ten shillings currency for the privilege of the first night, and then share her tenth day left, in the right place, viz.: the pocket, for the poor destitutions left in the world's beauty.

Among the articles of taste, we are sure to see the subject of children. At that part of present, I found, in a table full of the articles of clothing of white, pinky, and blue, and all the other articles of fancy work of luxurious Creole language and habits, such as the tatting, knitting, and crochet, and many pretty things created by the needs of its mother.

Now, the most pathetic of these exposition articles I noticed, were the infant cloth, but before my guessing in beauty by her title. When they are just old enough to be put out of the nursery and into the—but I was going to say, "Yes, I'm a—" Well, something in the shaving of my friends, Paris in supply of many or her most brilliant accounts, yet I have been no nurse, and I am not going to be one, and I am not fond of children, but I am fond of the old and lovely established people, and to feel that I had gained a real hold on the heart of the sweet.

I liked the English and the Americans as well as I could like anybody. And now I must tell you the Scotch. Their opposites, you will like the Scotch. Their opposites, you will like the Scotch. In all this have a very strong—The goodness and beauty of the Divine mind is no less shown in the traits of different races than in the diversity of forms and flowers and fruits. And between things are much opposites, is no reason why we should not like both. The eye is not just like the hand, nor the ear like the foot, yet who condemns any of them for the difference? Now, I am simply saying that each race is containing peculiar rights, we shall be struck with its glorious luminosity.

I thought, when in English society, that it was as perfect and delightful as it could be. There was such a—what? Strength of character, ripe, true sincerity and friendship, charmingly expressed. I have heard all these, too, among the Americans, but I have had a repulsion which shames me the more, because it is pure. Me to the French, and of a kind wholly different from any I have had in my experience of nations. There is an ill-like variety and inferiority of nature about the French people and the consistency of the mind on purely intellectual subjects, but in all this there is a vanity and selfishness of manner, and the whole—and the concentrating